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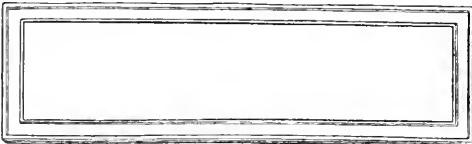
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H A I R P O W D E R;

A

P L A I N T I V E E P I S T L E

T O

M R. P I T T,

By *P E T E R P I N D A R*, Esq.
Printer of John Wetmore

Yet, if resolv'd to worry *Wigs* and *Hair*,
And, Herod-like, not little *Children* spare ;
Say, (for methinks the Land has much to dread)
How long in safety may we wear the *Head* ?

TO WHICH IS ADDED (WITH CONSIDERABLE AUGMENTATION),

F R O G M O R E F E T E,
A N O D E F O R M U S I C,
FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL,
VULGARLY CALLED ALL FOOLS DAY.

“ — *Trahit sua quæcumque Voluptas.*”

“ In various things (says VIRGIL) folks delight ;”
And so it *really* is in our great Nation !
In meanness, avarice, *some*—revenge and spite,
Dutch Fairs, mock-charities, and ostentation.

A N E W E D I T I O N.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. WALKER, PATERNOSTER-ROW; J. BELL, OXFORD-STREET;
J. LADLEY, MOUNT-STREET, BERKELEY-SQUARE; AND
E. JEFFREY, PAI-L-MALL.

M. DCC. XCV.

[Price Two Shillings and Sixpence.]

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A sublime Exordium, containing a great compliment to Mr. PITT—The Poet sagely adviseth the MINISTER—observeth to him the effect of Time on the heads of Beaux and Old Maids—The hard fate of poor carroty-polled PHILLIS—LUBIN's and HODGE's disappointment, by means of this cruel Tax—A great and economical JUDGE's mortification; and exultation of his fur-clad Brother at the tax on hair-powder—A melancholy picture of the HAIR-DRESSERS and BARBERS—The Poet's eye (as Shakespear sayeth), “in a fine frenzy rolling,” beholdeth the chase of a powdered Poll; the capture; the redemption; and punishment of the INFORMERS in London—also Poll-chases in the country, illustrated by an apt simile—PETER exclaimeth at the MINISTER, and compareth him to a hard-hearted Fellow that lived upon executions—PETER praiseth Mr. Pitt's powers of oratory—He attacketh the pride of the MINISTER; wishing him to take a little retrospect of humble days—A Kite and beautiful Bat-comparison—Another charming comparison of the BOY and his TRUNK.—PETER telleth strange and unbelievable things, and giveth two most gracious speeches—PETER praiseth the two speeches, and giveth alarming advice—He exhibiteth a part of his political creed—PETER sheweth his profound knowledge of EMPERORS and KINGS and QUEENS, &c. and maketh shrewd observations thereon; concluding with a compliment to Mr. Fox—PETER prayeth fervently for the Royal Family—The Poet suspecteth the effect of the MINISTER's eloquence—PETER prayeth to Mr. Pitt—England wittily and properly christened an old Cow; also AMERICA—The Poet asketh a pertinent question relative to royal exemption from the tax, and administereth laudable counsel—PETER gravely and ingeniously pointeth out a tax on

CHRISTIAN

CHRISTIAN SKINS; also some (*not all indeed*) of the great advantages of human hides in the way of trade—The convertible use of Mr. JUSTICE BULLER's tender hide; of the DUKE of GLOCESTER's; of the DUCHESS of CUMBERLAND's; of LORD BRUDENELL's (*the Lord help him!*); of the DUKE of RICHMOND's, &c. &c.—The POET asketh where the POWDER-TAX was born, and, like a certain GREAT MAN, answereth the question himself.—The POET telleth the MINISTER a sorrowful tale—A flinking, yet beautiful simile—PETER prophesieth—Serious and good advice to Mr. PIT—Political and deep reflections—PETER seeth a vision full of horror—He effecteth a smile, but it seemeth to be rather the risus sardonicus—PETER counselleth (but, he thinketh, in vain) the MINISTER and his COLLEAGUE HARRY DUNDAS to run the gantlet—The Conclusion.

A

PLAINTIVE EPISTLE, &c.

O MIGHTY Master of the *ways* and *means*
To slake the golden thirst of Kings and Queens ;
To gorge the cavern of each greedy chest
With all the wonders of the bleeding East ;
To lull with opiate draughts a Kingdom's groans ;
Patch ragged crowns, and cobble crazy thrones ;
The modest BARD, for five short minutes, bear ;
Nor may the MUSE's wisdom wound thine ear.

B

Sick

Sick of thy taxes, while the wearied Nation
 Drags her last penny forth, and fears *starvation* ; 10
 Whose voice is loud, and daily waxing louder ;
 List to the serious sound, and damn the Powder.
 To *thee*, responsible for ev'ry blunder,
 Her *mildest* murmurs should be claps of thunder.

Pleas'd with thy fav'rite folly, mark old TIME,
15
 Wide-grinning at the Beau beyond his prime ;
 And many a Maid, beyond life's blooming day,
 Whose curls his wonted malice turn'd to gray !

Lo, the poor Girl, whom carrot-colour shocks,
 Pines penniless, and blushes for her locks ! 20
 Refus'd to fly to POWDER's friendly aid,
 She bids them seek in caps the secret shade ;

No ringlets now around her neck to wave,
 PHILLIS must hide the redd'ning shame, or shave !
 At *thee* she flings her curses, PITT, and cries— 25
 At *thee* she darts the lightnings of her eyes ;
 And thinks that LOVE ne'er warm'd Him who could vex,
 With wanton strokes of *cruelty*, the SEX.

On Sundays trim, to give his head an air,
 Poor LUBIN shook the dredge-box o'er his hair ; 30
 HODGE dipp'd his caxon 'mid the fack of flour :
 But now they execrate the arm of pow'r ;
 LUBIN no longer dares the dredge-box shake,
 Nor HODGE to shove his caxon in the fack.

Yet see a *nobler* MOURNER ! K-----, lo ! 35
 The saving JUDGE has felt a stunning blow :

*His hawk-economy won't thank thee for't,
Which stops his pretty nipperkin of PORT.
Not so JUDGE BLOOD, who glories in deceit ;
His life one murder, and his soul a cheat—* 40
*He loves a law, and hugs the man who made it,
To hang a culprit, and himself evade it.*

*See groups of HAIR-DRESSERS all idle stand,
A melancholy, mute, and mournful band ;
And BARBERS eke, who lift the crape-clad Pole,* 45
*And round and round their eyes of horror roll ;
Desponding, pale, like Hosier's ghosts so white,
Who told their sorrows 'mid the moony light.*

Verse 38. *Nipperkin of Port.]* Such is the laudable moderation of this second Sir John Cutler, or Mr. Elwes, that he allows himself and Lady *at* and *after* dinner no more than this little measure of wine ! A fine example for the sons of dissipation ! It has been supposed that the economical Judge has surpassed the famous miracle of the loaves and fishes, by making *one bottle* of wine serve for *double* the number of souls, or rather *bodies*, that have come with open mouths to Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. I do not think they have gone away *so well satisfied.*

But

But see ! each hopeless wight with fury foams ;
 His curling-iron breaks, and snaps his combs ; 50
 Ah ! doom'd to shut their mouths as well as shops ;
 For dead is custom, 'mid the world of CROPS.

In fancy now I mark the frequent race ;
 I see th' INFORMER polls of powder chafe !
 On this, on that, a Footman, Maid of mop, 55
 Fierce as the tiger from his ambush, pop ;
 Now in his cruel clutches, sharp and strong,
 To Bow-street drag his powder'd prey along :
 And now I see the MOR, in Mercy's cause,
 Redeem the victim from his savage paws ; 60

Verse 52. *World of Crops.*] Such is the universal disgust at the Powder-tax, that many thousands of the male sex have already sacrificed their favourite curls, to disappoint the rapacity of a MINISTER.

And now the tyrant to a horse-pond draw,
 To quench the red-hot thunderbolt of law.
 Amidst our villages, in Fancy's eye,
 I see Informers chase, and culprits fly—
 Rude Pikes so hungry, putting to the rout,
 Voracious darting, a poor host of Trout.

65

Who would not hide the temple's white and gray ?
 " Your money, Sirs—remove the mask, or pay,"
 Is now thy language to a groaning nation !
 PITT, PITT, thou hast no bowels of compassion.
 How mean (for money such thy boundless rage)
 Thus to expose the cruel pow'r of AGE !
 Much like the Man art thou, and hard as he,
 Who let his scaffold out at Tyburn tree ;
 Where, as the great and famous DOCTOR DODD
 Gave by a rope his sinful soul to GOD,

70

75

Thus

Thus on his boards aloft, amid the crowd,
 Th' unfeeling wretch of wretches bawl'd aloud,
 (So anxious people's pockets to be picking) 79
 "Up, up—who mounts here?—*all alive, and kicking.*"

I grant thine eloquence's happy flow;
 But TRUTH should bear it company, I trow—
 HYPOCRISY, the knave, to keep his place,
 Too often borrows VIRTUE's honest face.

I know thy pride vaults high—but what of that? 85
 The tow'ring column often rais'd a rat.
 Though toss'd aloft by stone-blind FORTUNE's pow'r,
 Awake thy mem'ry to thy *bumbler* hour:
 Though now a KITE—ah! once a Bat, how small!
 Flick'ring around for flies in yonder Hall! 90

Verse 90. In *yonder Hall.*] Westminster-Hall.

But,

But, drunk with honours, “ No,” thou cryest, “ no ;
 “ I thank thee, but I cannot look so low.”

Thus a poor Country Boy to India goes ;

A small portmanteau all the wealth he knows ;

Arrives, with awkward legs and arms and mien ; 95

But, ere a twelvemonth pafs, how chang’d the scene !

He mounts his elephant, treats, wh---s, gets drunk,

And, ah ! forgets his friend the *little Trunk.*

Know, man, no more of taxes now we want ;

Lo, generous M----y prepar’d to grant. 100

Hark to a voice *divine* !—“ PITT, PITT, hæ, PITT ;

“ No more, no more for taxes whet thy wit ;

“ I’ll pay, I’ll pay the soldier, and the tar—

“ *My* millions, PITT, shall pay the glorious war ; 104

“ I’ll give sheep, lamb, ram, turkey, duck, boar, sow,

“ Goose, gosling, cock, hen, heifer, bull, calf, cow ;

" And, PIT^T, hæ, hæ ? at Smithfield, PIT^T, I /shine—

" Mine's the best beef—yes, mine—what, what ?—yes,
mine :

" I'll empty ev'ry guinea-chest, and fack ;

" Yes, yes, the people ought to have it back : 110

" My money in the stocks, my wood, my hay ;

" Yes, yes, I'll give my all, my all away ;

Verse 111. *My wood.*] Here I must candidly condemn a part of the people, whose cause, in the affair of Hair-powder, I am so pathetically pleading.

" Such (says the Windsor Chronicle) was the unparalleled effrontery of the inhabitants of Brentford, during the late unexampled frost, when they should have thought of nothing but *dying*, that those very people, not worth a groat, starving, shivering, and in rags, dared to proceed in a body, amidst the dead silence of the night, with their unhallowed feet, into the sacred Gardens of Richmond and Kew ; where they wickedly, inhumanly, and feloniously, cut down and maimed a number of trees, many of which they had the impudence to carry away to their own scrub chimnies, to warm their own vile bones, because, forsooth, *certain GREAT PEOPLE* happened fortunately to be in possession of *enormous quantities* of wood, during the great scarcity, and chose not to *give it away* in *idle charity*, nor *sell it at the then current price*, which had every probability of mounting higher : as though they had not an equal right to *turn a penny in an honest way*, with any *coal-shed man* in the village of Brentford. But behold how they behaved on this insulting, provoking, stealing, and trying occasion ! So far from advertising handsome rewards for discovering the rogues, and bringing them to justice ; such was their clemency, that they ordered the affair to be hushed up, and buried in perpetual oblivion !!!"

“ Yes, yes, I know, I know the hounds are howling—
 “ God, PIT_T, I don’t, I don’t much like their growling :
 “ Hæ, hæ, growl, growl—what, what? things don’t go right ;
 “ Why quickly, quickly, PIT_T, the dogs may bite— 116
 “ That would be bad, bad, bad,—a sad mishap—
 “ Hæ, PIT_T—hæ, hæ? I should not like a *snap*. ”

Such are the sounds to stun those ears of thine,
 Where truth and speed and oratory shine, 120

And hark, another voice ! and thus it cries :
 “ I geef my chewells to de peepel’s fighs—
 “ All tings from MISTRESS HASTINGS as I gote ;
 “ I geef de fine pig di’mond of ARCOTE ;

Verse 124. *Di’mond of Arcote.*] The famous Diamond, so *infamously* obtained by Mr. R.; constituting a curious piece of Asiatic history.

“ Ifs,

- “ Ifs, dat vich RHUMBLOD geef, I geef again, 125
- “ Rader den see de peepels suffer pain :
- “ De EMP'ROR presents, Lord ! I vil not tush,
- “ Although de duty cosf so very mush.
- “ I turn off MISTER WYAT,* dat I fal ;
- “ And geef up FROGMORE—Ifs, I geef up all ; 130
- “ Geef up mine di'mond stomacher indeed ;
- “ All, all, mush rader dan de peepels bleed :
- “ Ifs, ifs, I geef up all, shust like de K---,
- “ For bankrup nation be quite deflisch ting.

Verse 128. *Duty cosf so very mush.*] I am really afraid to touch upon this ticklish topic. The late procession of imperial presents from the India-House to was attended by a dirty Custom-house-officer; but for *what reason*, the L--- of the T--- can best explain. It has been rumoured, and believed, that a small order from a *certain quarter* can overpower an Act of Parliament; which, if true, maketh a second edition of little David knocking down the great Giant of Gath.

* The Architect.

- “ Vat signifie de millions in our purses, 135
 “ If money do profoke de peepels curses ?
 “ We won’t haf tumult—no fush ting muss spread—
 “ Mine Gote ! *half loaf* be better dan *no bread*.
 “ Peety to make de Englis peepels groan ;
 “ So goote as poote de Prences ‘pon de trone ; 140
 “ Who soon, mine Gote ! may take it in der brain,
 “ Vat dey *poote up*, dey may *pull down* again.”

What founds of wisdom, PITT, to make thee shrink !

Beware !—thou stand’st on DANGER’s giddy brink :

Verse 135. *Vat signifie de millions.*] Notwithstanding her M----’s immense property, in *one thing* and *another*, she possesses the most economical circumspection: witness the following pretty tale. A Miss J-n-r, of Gloucestershire, with her mother, viewing the Palace of St. James’s, and entering her M----’s dressing-room, where a cushion *full* of pins lay on her toilette, the young Lady expressed a strong desire for having one of the Q---’s *pins* to carry into the country, and was reaching out her hand to take one; when the Attendant, struck with a sudden horror, caught her arm, and told her it was impossible to be granted, as her M---- would certainly *find it out*.—“ Dye think I might *change* a pin ?” sighed the young Lady, with anxiety. “ Miss,” replied the Attendant, after some consideration, “ it is probable her M---- may *not* find it out, but I’ll run the risk.”

Know,

Know, that a single grain, or half grain more, 145

May turn the balance, man, and heave thee o'er :

And shouldst thou tumble down the rock of Fate,

No *seas* of tears shall wail thy shorten'd date.

Go, copy the good PAIR whom all *adore*,

Who spurn the PROUD, and hug the humble POOR. 150

Though from my soul I hate mad Dissipation,

That beggars and insults a generous Nation ;

Too from my soul the Avarice I hate,

That, thirsty, squeezes like a sponge the State :

Wishing from trees (so keen the gold it grapples) 155

To shake down guineas, just like pears and apples.

Think not I court a TUMULT's lawless hour,

And wish a *Mob*'s wild arm the sword of pow'r :

Verse 150. *Who spurn the Proud.*] Parcere subiectis et debellare superbos.

No! let a TITUS, let an ALFRED rule;

Who sighs not for a King, I deem a fool.

160

Like those were Europe's Monarchs! in thy ear,

What from a people had *such* FORMS to fear?

Safe 'mid the ardour of a realm's embrace,

Kings never fall but by their own disgrace.

I murmur not at Kings, if good for *aught*;

165

I only quarrel when they're good for *nought*.

'Tis whisper'd that I never reverenc'd Thrones:

Granted—I never worship *stocks* nor *stones*;

Nor look I for *wise* Emperors, or Kings—

'Tis EXPECTATION's madness—Quixote things.

170

The man to titles, and to riches born,

Amid the world of science, how forlorn!

To speak, to think, unable, mark his air!

Heav'ns! what an ideot gape, and ideot stare!

Though lord of *millions*, gilt with titles o'er— 175

A statue in a library!—no more!

He deems the butterflies of Folly, *treasure*;

And shuns chaste WISDOM, for the strumpet PLEASURE.

'Tis true, gay PLEASURE courts us to the joy,

While WISDOM to her swains is always *cloy*. 180

The brain must *labour*, or it proves the sport

Of WISDOM's circle, though it charm a *Court*.

Seek we *corporeal* strength? the mine, the plough,

Of *strong* examples, furnish us enow.

Search we the spot which *mental* power contains? 185

Go where man gets his living by his brains.

Had CHARLES* *first* popp'd into the world, I ween,

That world a very *diff'rent* *Charles* had seen.

"What had CHARLES been?" is ask'd with wonder—Even

That good, fat, honest, sleeping fellow—*Stephen.* † 190

* Mr. Fox.

† The late Lord Holland, elder brother of Mr. Fox.

O may of PRINCES a long race succeed !

Such *Doves*, such *harmless Doves* as now we feed ;

Not *Eagles*, screaming with infatiate maw,

Wild in our hearts to plunge the beak and claw !

And yet too oft, to damn the coward age,

195

Our Isle has trembled at a TYRANT's rage.

Thus 'mid the smiles of NATURE's fair domain,

Where blooming HEALTH and PLENTY lead their train ;

Where, rob'd with verdure, wind the rills along,

And ev'ry vale resounds with cheerful song ;

200

See o'er th' Elysian scene, with lofty head,

The blood-stain'd *gibbet* dash the soul with dread !

I own an eloquence's stream, but know,

Too oft for England's welfare periods flow :

Verse 202. *The blood-stain'd gibbet.*] In France, Switzerland, &c. are many of these pretty monuments of Pride.

A truce

A truce to all such metaphoric breath :

205

So soft, they drop into our ears with death.

How like the snows, wide-erminating the air,

So gently sinking, kissing, all so fair ;

Falling on simple sheep, and soon, alas !

O'erwhelming, killing, with the courteous maws.

210

Mercy to ENGLAND yield, the poor lean Cow !

Thy busy fingers have forc'd milk enow :

Though frequent rushing the lank teats to tease,

How patiently the beast has borne thy squeeze !

Just shak'd her head, and wincing whisk'd her tail, 215

When oft thou fill'dst a *puncheon* for a *pail* :

But now she bushing roars, and makes a pudder,

Afraid thy harden'd hands may steal her *udder*.

Think on AMERICA, our *cow of yore*,

Which oft the hand with Job-like patience bore ; 220

Who, pinch'd, and yet denied a lock of hay,
 Kick'd the hard MILKMAN off, and march'd away.
 In vain he try'd by ev'ry art to catch her ;
 To wound, to hamstring, nay, knock down, *dispatch* her ;
 Far off she kept, where LOVE, where FREEDOM rules ;
 Mocking the fruitless rage of rogues and fools. 226

Speak, PITTS, (for know at times I'm rather dull)
 Why from thy tax exempt a *royal* skull ?
 Why free each *creeping thing* about a Court ?
 The grumbling Nation will not thank thee for't. 230
 Let HAWKSBY frown, and bull-face BRUDENELL roar ;
 They well may club, to ease the Nation's score :
 Their purse-strings, nay, let all thy colleagues draw,
 Disgorging a poor guinea from each maw.

Let

Let QUEENSE'RY nobly pinch his Cyprian sinnings, 235

And stately CUMBERLAND her Faro winnings ;

Let MADAM S-----G make up wry faces,

Something should come in troth from sales of places.

Say, what the tax thy brain will next provide ?

Alas ! why not attack the Human Hide ? 240

Lord, Lord ! how much it must the Nation aid,

Folks may be *scalp'd* with safety—why not *flay'd* ?

'Tis verily a shame—a crying sin,

The world should bear about a useleſs ſkin ;

Verse 236. *And stately Cumberland.*] As one of the great Supporters of Morality, for such every Muse should be, I have several times had it in contemplation to give this Dame a public rap on the knuckles for certain parsimony to ſome of the poor disbanded and faithful ſervants of her houſehold, after the death of her ſimple Duke. The tale however is too full of matter for a solitary Note, and may, ſome time or other, give importance to an ODE.

Verse 237. *Let Madam S-----g.*] This great Lady kept one of the firſt Sale-shops in England.

What's

What's worse, that skins should in the *grave* be laid, 245

So beautiful an article of trade.

Think of the spatterdashes, boots and shoes ;

And think thou of the *millions* people use :

Such form'd from human hides, would brave the weather,

And save *such* quantities of foreign leather. 250

Thus would our BRITAIN annual thousands gain,

And rival all the cows and calves of Spain.

Ask'st thou what *other* use our hides can boast ?

Books may be bound, my Friend—the letter'd host :

Cases of conscience, BULLER's skin should bind ; 255

Good folios upon *mercy to mankind* :

GLOSTER's, a book on wedlock's *sweet tranquillity* ;

His Sister CUMBERLAND's, upon *humility* :

BRUDENELL's, on beauty, witty conversation,

On manners, music, ratiocination : 260

RICHMOND's, on *courage*; modesty, DUNDAS's;
 State-sycophants, a volume upon ASSES:
 The ---'s, on elocution, hay and hogs,
 Calves, politics, tithes, civil-list, and logs:
 The ---'s, on di'monds, pearls, and custom-dues, 265
 Old gowns, old petticoats, old hose, old shoes;
 Good nature, state-extravagancy-lopping,
 Pins, mantua-makers, milliners, and shopping:
 To close th' illustrious list, and sounding line,
 On delegates, reform, and powder, *thine.* 270

O say, where first was plann'd thy Powder scheme?
 At *Wimbledon* arose the golden dream;
 Where thou, and honest RUMBOLD-hunting HARRY,
 Project, and *re-project*, and oft miscarry?
 Two *Graziers*, cheap'ning hogs to fill your styes; 275
 Two *Spiders*, weaving lines for simple flies.

Rich spot ! whence Millions take their easy wing,
 To bribe an Emp'ror, and *refresh* a King ;
 Where, blest, ye bumper it in England's cause,
 Belch OPPOSITION's fall, and hiccup laws ; 280
 With equal spirit, where each work succeeds,
 A BOTTLE now, and now a NATION bleeds.

Ah, PITT ! of late thy counsels draw disgrace :
 The spring-tide of thy fortune ebbs apace.
 When reputation *sickens*, toil is vain — 285
 No *nostrum* gives the bloom of health again !
 No more (so grateful to the sense) a *rose* ;
 It drops, a *putrid carcase*, to the crows.
 I mark the pompous column of thy fame,
 Fast crumbling to the dust from whence it came ; 290

Verse 278. *And refresh a King.]* His *most honourable* Majesty, our late *good* and *firm* Ally, the King of Prussia, like the Gentlemen of the Bar, requires very often a *refresher* before his Cannon can plead.

Verse 287. *No more (so grateful to the sense) a rose.]* To avoid an ambiguity here (for I have been questioned about it), I mean the sweet-smelling *rose* of the fields, not Mr. George Rose, of the Treasury.

And

And see thy thund'ring day in silence close,

While WISDOM triumphs o'er the pale repose.

Too much thou courtest Danger's dizzy height ;

The treach'rous sands may sink beneath thy feet—

Thy kite, that reeling, shifting, mounts the storm, 295

May force heav'n's flash upon thy feeble form !

Think not I wish with Satire's blade to *play*,

And, charm'd with man's disgraces, selfish say,

“ Let folly root in Ministers and Kings—

“ While rank and thick like Aconite it springs, 300

“ Delighted on the precious load I look,

“ And hail a harvest for the MUSE's hook.”

Still to be *serious*, PITT, before we part :

Let MERCY melt the mill-stone of thy heart.

How

Verse 304. *Let MERCY melt the mill-stone of thy heart.*] I principally allude in this place to the *political* character of this Statesman, which is rather marked with

How nobler far, for honest fame to toil,

305

And change a Kingdom's *curses* for a *smile* !

Yet, if resolv'd to worry *wigs* and *hair*,

And, Herod-like, not *little children* spare,

Say, (for methinks the land has much to dread)

How long in safety may we wear the *head* ?

310

Enough our necks have bow'd beneath the *yoke* ;

Enough our sides have felt the goad and stroke ;

Then cease to make, by further irritation,

Our *patience* the sole rock of thy salvation.

Of late hath GLORY quarrell'd with thy fame ;

315

Poor PUBLIC CREDIT founder'd !—lame, quite lame—

with severity. As for the *domestic*, it possesses some traits belonging to the JOLLY GOD. Even Parliament last year saw him enter the walls of Saint Stephen, arm in arm with his dear colleague and constant companion *Honest HARRY DUNDAS*; both fortunately conducted to the Treasury Bench without a fall, by the boozing reeling DEITY, where “ *Palinurus* nodded at the helm.”

RAPACITY too oft extends her jaw,
Fresh whets her fang, and points her iron claw !

The arm of VENGEANCE drops not *lightly* down ;
Not quite a *feather* on a culprit's crown—

320

PROFUSION vilely foster'd—HONOUR dead ;

RESENTMENT's eye looks dangerously red.

Believe me, PITT, not yet is *thine* the realm,

Not *thine* the ship, because thou hold'ft the helm :

Such is the voice of TRUTH !—perhaps it wounds—

325

Friend to *thyself* and ENGLAND, heed the sounds ;

Sounds to *alarm*—and let not, though severe,

The breath of FOLLY brush them from thine ear.

Vain is rough bluster—vainly dar'ft thou say,

“ Poh ! *danger* ! I have met its trying day ”—

330

For, ah ! too often, boastful of his wars,

Rank COWARDICE assumes the mien of MARS.

Verse 330. *Poh ! Danger !*] At the Old Bailey lately, in the affair of Mr. HORNE TOOKE, on the subject of Delegation.

Dim though thy beam, the MUSE's eagle eye
 Beholds a tempest in the distant sky ;
 Dull though *thy tympanum*, her nicer ear 335
 Catches a thunder-growl from yonder sphere ;
 She sees sharp FATE amid the gathering gloom ;
 A cloud of vengeance, black with mortal doom ;
 But dares not *name* the MELANCHOLY FORM,
 Whom GUILT has mark'd the *victim* of the storm. 340

Now to be *gay* again—should FAMINE rise,
 The meagre spectre, on a S——'s eyes,
 And should the groan of BRITAIN's bleeding wound
 Press on the shrinking ear—a killing sound ;
 Be whistles blown, and bells of children rung ; 345
 The fav'rite little farthing rush-light fung ;
 Let dancing-dogs, delighting, form their ball,
 Whips crash, and grinding hurdy-gurdies squall ;

While

While crown'd with chimney-sweepers on their way,
 In deep-ton'd unisons the asses bray ; 350
 Such as at Frogmore,* form'd to please a PAIR,
 The true SUBLIME of Monarchs, a DUTCH FAIR !
 And as again, on Frogmore's happy Green,
More shows shall gladden our good King and Queen ;†
 Suppose DUNDAS and THOU (a Princely sport) 355
 Play some farce-character to charm the Court,
 And boldly run the gauntlet through a mob,
 That execrates, that damns the Powder job ;
 Where Barbers, Hair-dressers, Perfumers, throng,
 To hoot and hustle as ye course along ; 360
 Dash with their powder-bags your brains about,
 With many a kick, and scoff, and grunt, and shout ;

* A Villa near Windsor, belonging to the Queen.

† This is absolutely determined on, in the Frogmore Senate.

Each face with tallow and with dripping smear ;

And with hot pincers tweak each nose and ear !

Lo ! should it miss the *royal* approbation,

365

I'll answer for the *plaudit* of the NATION.

Such is the song—and do not thou, severe,

With *treason*, *treason*, fill a royal ear.

A gentle joke, at times, on Queens and Kings,

Are pleasant, taking, nay, *instructive* things :

370

Yet some there are, who relish not the sport,

That flutter in the sunshine of a Court ;

Who, fearful *song* might mar their high ambition,

Loose the gaunt dogs of State, and bawl “*Sedition!*”

F R O G M O R E F É T E :

A N O D E * F O R M U S I C,

FOR THE FIRST OF APRIL,

Vulgarly called ALL FOOLS DAY.

'T_WAS at the royal seat on FROGMORE Green,
With BRITAIN's gold, uprear'd by BRITAIN's Queen;
To charm a Court, a Princess† turn'd her head;

* The reader will, at the first glance, perceive a resemblance between *my ODE*, and the celebrated ODE for *St. Cecilia's Day* by DRYDEN, and know perhaps to which he must yield the *preference*. In spite of all the praises bestowed on ALEXANDER'S FEAST, I dare pronounce it, a downright drunken Bartholomew-Fair scene; the *poetry* too, not superior to the *subject*: whereas the FROGMORE GALA was of the order of sublimity; and as for the merits of *my Muse* on the glorious occasion, (though indeed I could say a great deal in her favour) my good old Friend, the PUBLIC, must decide.

Verse 1. 'Twas at the Royal Seat.]

"'Twas at the Royal Feast for Persia won." DRYDEN.

† The Princess Elizabeth.

At length deliver'd was her lovely brain,
 And, lo ! on FROGMORE's happy happy plain, 5
 Wonders on wonders soon were brought to bed.

Sublime the PAIR of England fate !

Staring with most enormous state,

The family of ORANGE by their side ;

With all the pretty offspring round, 10

That struck the mob with *awe profound* ;

Sweet STATE, untainted by *one grain* of pride !

And bold beside them sat each valiant Peer ;

CARPMEAL, and courtly CHESTERFIELD, were there ; 14

Verse 13. *Each valiant Peer.*

“ His valiant Peers were plac’d around.” DRYDEN.

To the *ignorant* in punctuation, this passage may seem *degrading*; as though the POET meant Messieurs CARPMEAL, MACMANUS, TOWNSEND, and JEALOUS, as a *part of the Peers*; whereas no such idea was intended: I nevertheless entertain a high respect for those Gentlemen, as very useful members of society; yet I cannot place them *so high*—it is so astonishing a leap from Bow-street.

MACMANUS, star-clad SALISB'RY, TOWNSHEND, JEALOUS,
 The *Guards* of England's SOVEREIGNS—furious Fellows !
 With combs, puffs, powder-bags, their temples bound ;
 In golden letters, GUINEA PIGS, around.

“ KINGS love *mean company*,” quoth EDMUND BURKE—
 Making indeed with *royal taste* short work : 20
 But thus KINGS honour and *exalt* the Low !
 How like the GOD that gives the golden day ;
 Who through a *little hole* can dart his ray,
 And bid the dungeon with his radiance glow ;
 Nay, from its filth too, bid a *vapour* rise, 25
 And make it a *gay cloud* amid the skies !

Verse 18. *In golden letters, Guinea Pigs, around.]*

“ Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound.” DRYDEN.

Verse 25. *Bid a vapour rise.]* Witness Lord H---- -Y, Lord A---- -D,
 Mr. G. R-SE, Mrs. H---- -, &c. whose origins may be traced (as Mr. BURKE
 emphatically expressed himself on a particular occasion) “ to the *swinish
 multitude*.”

But

But PITT and GRENVILLE were not there,

To whom a puppet-show is dear—

Too small *decorum* on a *certain* debt,

Repell'd the PAIR from royal sport,

30

Whose want of manners put the Court,

Like four small beer, indeed, upon the fret.

No, no—the COUSINS were not ask'd indeed !

Broad hints, though giv'n, by no means could succeed ;

Nought could prevail, alas ! nor tears, nor sighs ! 35

The Zephyr, that scarce moves the *lily*'s head,

As soon might lift OLD OCEAN from his bed,

And dash his *wild* of waters from the *skies*.

Verse 29. *Too small decorum.*] Not a single card of invitation was sent from Windsor or Carleton-House. Violent were the r—l displeasures in the *beginning* ; but the Poet, in the true spirit of Christianity, hopes that he shall not be able to say, like the Liturgy, “ As it was in the *beginning*, *is now*, and *ever shall be*, *world without end.*”

Saunt'ring

Saunt'ring Saint James's Park were seen the PAIR,
While bustling FROGMORE triumph'd in her FAIR,

40

And now to charm our gracious QUEEN and KING,
Ascending on a public stage,
The tuneful wonder of the age,
Hight INCLEDON, began with bows to sing.

Of war he chanted—glorious war ;
Of millions, millions, sent afar,
To aid of falling Monarchy the cause ;
When, lo ! the lofty GREAT all smil'd applause.

45

Now to the happy, simp'ring, courtly crowd,
In sweetest melody he sung aloud,
A list of *ev'ry* Hanoverian hide ;

50

Skins of those mighty men, by bullets bor'd,
 Worth thirty pounds a-piece to their high L ORD,
 For whose *great glory* and defence they *dy'd.*

Dear is Hanoverian-skinning !

55

Money well is worth the winning—
 Fighting still, and still destroying ;
 Hide-money is worth enjoying :
 Cutting, killing, drowning, starving ;
 Soldiers skins are well worth carving.

60

And now he chose a plaintive strain—
 The EMBASSY across the main,

Verse 55. *Dear is Hanoverian-skinning.]*

“ War, he fung, is toil and trouble ;
 “ Honour but an empty bubble ;
 “ Never ending, still beginning,
 “ Fighting still, and still destroying :
 “ If the world be worth thy winning,
 “ Think, O think it *worth* enjoying.” D RYDEN.

Of

Of poor MACARTNEY, and sad STAUNTON, Knight ;
 Forc'd, forc'd to enter, cheek by jowl,
 With hogs, dogs, jack-asses, JEHOL— 65
 A sad procession !—a tumultuous sight !

The LORD and KNIGHT, disgrac'd, and tir'd, and fretting,
 Amidst the dusty hurlyburly sweating—
 Ah Embaffy ! to which we may compare
 A drove of oxen sent to Smithfield Fair. 70

The pinions of *Importance* pluck'd,
Thrice to the earth their heads they *duck'd* ;
 And *thrice* did they with blushes rife,
 With not a friend to close their eyes.

Verse 74. *With not a friend to close their eyes.]*

“ On the bare earth expos'd he lies,

“ With not a friend to close his eyes.” DRYDEN.

To this degrading ceremony of prostration before his Chinese Majesty, it is said, our Embaffy submitted. But how could it be helped ? Every thing, to be sure, that could be *devised* for the honour and glory of Great Britain, was attempted by *Ambassador and Co.*; but beggars must not be *choosers*.

Thus

Thus suffer'd BRITISH MAJESTY disgrace,

75

So well supported by the B——K Race !

At this the Court of FROGMORE *sigh'd*—

And now he sang of more and worse disgrace ;

Sang how the EMP'ROR shew'd an angry face ;

Swearing the bold advent'ers should be ty'd

80

To a cart's tail,

Should they dare fail

To leave the city in two days, poor clan !

When off they mov'd all mournful, beast and man.

At this the Court of FROGMORE dropp'd a tear ;

85

For pity dwells with Q— and K— and Peer.

“ Yet O think,” the Songster said,

“ Of the pretty smuggling trade !

“ COURT and COBBLER *this* pursues :

“ Smuggling, juggling,

90

“ Juggling, smuggling,

“ Never mind the custom-dues.”

At this the COURT resum'd the cheerful smile ;

For smuggling cannot *courtly folk* defile :

Courts may smuggle what they please—

95

Mob alone, Exchequers seize.

And now he fung the *little Box*, and old,

That caught the SOVEREIGN's wild and raptur'd gaze ;

Which,

Verse 95. *Courts may smuggle what they please.]* LADY H—RN—SSE and her *private Card-parties* know more of this matter than the POET.

Verse 97. *The little Box.]* A present, containing a scrap of complimentary rhyme, manufactured by KIEN LONG himself, in answer to the Latin Letter sent by the KING of GREAT BRITAIN (but not of his own composition) to the EMPEROR of CHINA. Poor SIR GEORGE STAUNTON was made overseer of the *Latinity*; but as the Knight had long forgotten his *propria quæ maribus*, the literary vigour of a German was employed for the occasion. Are our Universities

Which, oh ! when open'd, a sad story told !

Displaying *pot-books* ! not a *Bulfe's* blaze.

100

What are *rhymes* to *western Kings* ?

Paltry, stupid, jingling things :

Learning is a Monarch's *sport*—

WISDOM never goes to Court.

Now came a groan, that seem'd to say, “ A p-x

“ On all the jingle of th' old DRIV'LER's Box !”

105

Of taxes now the sweet Musician sung—

The Court, the chorus join'd,

And fill'd the wond'ring wind ;

And *taxes, taxes*, through the garden rung.

110

versities STILL IN DISGRACE ? Will nothing but *Gottingen* go down ? In the sacred name of Literature, what have our Princes imported from thence to *affonish*, that could not have been given by CAMBRIDGE and OXFORD ?

N. B. The verses of KIEN LONG to his BROTHER KING are in a course of translation, and will be communicated to the PUBLIC in due time.

Monarchs first of taxes think :

Taxes are a Monarch's treasure :

" Sweet the pleasure,

" Rich the treasure,"

Monarchs love a guinea's chink.

115

And now to AVARICE he tun'd the strain,

That suck'd a Nation like a sponge—

And now to DISSIPATION's madding train,

Who in distress a PEOPLE plunge;

A People that from *ruin* scarce can 'scape—

120

And now the COURT began to *gape*.

Gaping is the mouth's disease,

When a *subject* fails to please.

[Verse 112. Taxes are a Monarch's treasure.]

" Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

" Drinking is the soldier's pleasure," &c. DRYDEN.

What a poetical and sublime compliment to the military of that day !

Now

Now to sad FRANCE his plaintive voice he tun'd—

Sunk by the wicked SANS-CULOTTES follow; 125

Dealing poor DESPOTISM so dire a blow!

When, mark! the melting AUDIENCE almost swoon'd!

The SONGSTER now a graver subject chose—

“ Who is to pay Performers that compose

“ This charming Fête of FROGMORE?” were the words:

With much surprise, 131

And rolling eyes,

The COURT heard syllables, that stabb'd like swords;

Now voices came—“ Mine Gote!—enuff, enuff.”—

“ How! how! what, what? stuff, Incledon, stuff, stuff.”

“ We pay! no, no! mine Gote, we haf more wit.”—

“ Go, go to Parliament—ask PITT, ask PITT.” 137

With

With *loaded subjects*, ah! we see

A *Jack-ass* in the next degree;

When soon appear'd the emblematic brutes,

140

With chimney-sweepers on their backs,

That *kick'd*, and *spurr'd*, and *laß'd* their hacks—

And well with such *tame fools* the treatment suits.

Off gallop'd, for royal amusement, the Asses;

Mid the haycocks they scamper'd, and knock'd down the

lasses—

145

Girls squall'd, the Court laugh'd, and the Jack-asses bray'd

At the sight of the legs by the tumble display'd.

Verses 138 and 139. *With loaded subjects, ah! we see*

A Jack-ass in the next degree.]

“The mighty master smil'd to see,

“That *Love* was in the next degree.” DRYDEN.

M

Now

Now a COUPLE leap'd down from their state to the PRANCERS,
 MUSICIANS and RACERS, TUNE-GRINDERS and DANCERS ;
 Shaking all by the hand, who, in compliment clever, 150
 Roar'd aloud, “ Kings and Queens, Fun and Frogmore,
 for ever !!!”

Verse 148. *Now a Couple leap'd down, &c.*]

“ THAIS led the way.” DRYDEN.

T H E E N D.

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